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THE JESTER RACE + BLACK-ASH INHERITANCE



## MOONSHIELD

Tired of dull ages, I walk the same ground  
collecting the tragedies still  
hollow ambitions in a hollow mind  
carried my cross to the hill

And how I lust for the dance and the fire  
deep of the nectarine sunset to drink  
spill me the wind and its fire  
to steal of the colours - I'm the moonshield

Shattered hope became my guide  
and grief and pain my friends  
a brother pact in blood-ink penned  
declared my silent end

Naked and dying under worlds of silent stone  
reaching for the moonshield that once upon us shone

## THE JESTER'S DANCE

instrumental

## ARTIFACTS OF THE BLACK RAIN

Stood there leaning to the city moon  
casting silhouettes tall to grip her white rooms  
the black-clad voyeur in his black-clad masque  
in the serpentine sun of tragedy basked

Stood there cursing at the soul-dead mass  
with their fabled illusions,  
the vain dreams that passed  
splinters of a life rushing by in the whirl  
a lone, silent warrior in a fantasy world

He cried for night / but night could not come  
so, swept in the shroud of Misanthropia he went away  
and fed the empty galleries  
with the artifacts of the black rain  
sunken into the shadows with a dry, sardonic smile

He made the footprints a part of his heart  
to rouse a sacred confrontation  
stood there carving on the monument to lies  
digging of the earth, making friends with the soil  
as the all-mother rises and bares her bleeding thighs  
he disappears into her cold, icy womb

## GRAVELAND

Mankind - proud conqueror and king  
swings its flag of primal glory to the winds  
Titans of the power-myth that failed  
Neanderthal hunger for the flesh of war so frail

So weak, so hollow-minded  
the primal rock responds  
the jester race submits

For each day of war is a failure for man  
enslaved to her mordial genes  
Illusions bleed from their fetid cores  
bent to their rotten extremes

We, the plague of Terra Firma  
Nature's grand and last mistake  
plant the poisoned seed of cancer  
set the severed fruits awake  
Burning like frozen relics  
in god's archaic graveland

Burn the visionary  
Kill the ideologies  
Mankind must die

The doves and the angels return to their graves  
with flames on their pestilent wings  
while mushroom-clouds haunt their virgin white skies  
to rape their utopian dreams

Living the last days of evolution's end  
from the nest of humanity,  
the graveland vultures rend

## LORD HYPNOS

I lie in your soothing arms, Lord Hypnos  
your garment alive with your song  
I lie in your soothing arms, Lord Hypnos  
Steep the spiral to your far abode  
in the wake of slumber, on visions I rode  
and fell like history through the chasm of ages  
into the charged, forbidden zones

How I have searched  
through a million worlds and faces  
yet unaware, I have not found  
my own true face, traceless and profound

So, find me in these grandiose halls  
where long ago summers eternally fall  
and tune the strings of truthful longing  
to the frozen music of gods

Hypnagonia's lucid horizons  
play with the yearning I've quelled  
as I strike towards the Pantheon  
and what therein is held

## DEAD ETERNITY

You'll never be alone again  
You'll never die again  
You'll never be born again  
You'll forever be, stuck here in eternity

I bid you welcome to my world  
They call me existence  
You have just entered through the gate  
to your journey towards eternity

This part I control

In the beginning you'll fear nothing  
As I climb beside you  
Time will be your master  
in this laborious part of human subsistence

This part I control

Black clouds embrace your soul  
Slowly passing through repeating lacunas of anguish  
When time takes your life  
I will transfer you into the bare grip  
of thinking tranquillity  
Voices frilling the emptiness of the dead floating  
Seamless across the surface into chilling stillness  
Nothing can help you now

You'll never be alone again  
You'll never die again  
You'll never be born again  
You'll forever be, stuck here in eternity



## THE JESTER RACE

Rush faster on the one-way lane  
the answers so silent

Rusty gods in their machine-mind armours  
grind our souls in the millstone of time  
the "deathbed harvest" is a dead man's banquet  
of mould ridden bread and black, poisoned wine

And we go... our step so silent  
And we go... our blooded trace  
the Jester Race

Calling our to the gathered masses  
their answers so silent

And we go...

Embracing the tools of the neo-wolf age  
that speak of silence and silence alone

Offering the tokens, the relixed idols  
to the heirs of the newly raped ground  
inferior even to the transparent winds  
- lesser in motion and sound

And we go...

There is no trace of me  
in their altered blueprints of life

Gala impaled on their horns and lances  
the fumes from her body give chase  
as the strong of blind men savour the scent  
dream-dead from prosaic and hate

-Epilogue-

"Sunwind strokes the ElectroHeart,  
ignition roars through the corridors  
stream launching the binary vessels"

Vanities in extreme formations  
ride into tomorrow's rigid great face  
the Machinery outlives the futile scripts  
of our dying jester race

## DECEMBER FLOWER

Towards the rich archaic heavens:  
towards the lack diorama  
you are the artist of the texture  
that plays with the mantle of the earth

When the bleakest of powders  
lie rooted to the starched stones  
and roots that feed the peaking trees  
embrace the sleeping shores

Archaic pearls of sleep and death  
the voice of December losing its breath  
and the floweryard of white and grey is haunted

White as the down of flaking snow  
the heroic emblems of life

Green is the colour of my death  
as in winter-guise I swoop towards the ground  
Green is the landscape of my sorrowfilled passing

We are In Flames  
towards the dead archaic heavens  
We Are The Mantle And The Texture  
the alters the mantle of the earth

## WAYFAERER

instrumental

## DEAD GOD IN ME

To slit the grinning wounds  
from childhood's Seven Moons  
the palette stained with the ejaculated passions  
(of forbidden, hedonistic colours...)

Strike from omnipotence, all-seer, all-deemer  
and haunt my severed country  
with your dripping, secret games

You picked the unripe lilies,  
deflored and peeled the bleeding petals  
made known to me  
the grainy stains, the crimson lotus  
of the Black-Ash Inheritance  
the semen feed of gods and masters

The worms still in me,  
still a part of me,  
racing out from leaking rooms,  
swoop from broken lungs to block the transmission  
to put an end to the nomad years

father      you  
are        the  
dead      god  
in        me

## GOLIATHS DISARM THEIR DAVIDS

Bible Arm on social hell spins its downward spiral  
with each year of unprogression a fine  
of failure is added  
closer than ever to the edge,  
a faith in resident martyrs  
strong object track my body, my body down

eyes, disappearing rebirth of light  
between a labyrinth of errors and the key  
to the suicide era

digging through the graves of giants, words fly to me  
a lonely load, like a promise failing miserably  
running through like an alphabet of hate  
to shake the entire organism, closer than ever,  
ever to the edge

eyes, disappearing rebirth of light  
between a labyrinth of errors and the key  
to the suicide era

I kill for the code, to disarm this mess  
of psychotic chaos that once I mixed up myself  
disarm



## GYROSCOPE

Geology is digging through my brain  
a manta engulfing the world  
to throw it up once again  
to a guild of lifted daggers

Neo-wolf, but older again  
than the Lupus itself  
linked its fur to the gyroscope of time  
a collection of failures

A diabolical sequence of stabs  
written in cunning stones  
from the fossilised den of thieves  
our lives die

Neo-wolf, but older again  
than the Lupus itself  
linked its fur to the gyroscope of time  
a collection of failures

I see the nursing all-mother  
spitting out a trail of termites  
in the mouth of her first-born hope  
breasts ripe with smog-filled rebellion

Apathy dressed in violence  
white insectoid legs  
curse her lips and the mouth  
receptive only to pain

Neo-wolf, but older again  
than the Lupus itself  
linked its fur to the gyroscope of time  
a collection of failures

## ACOUSTIC MEDLEY

instrumental

## BEHIND SPACE - LIVE

Call me by my astral name  
Breeding fear through wordless tongue  
Heavenly thirst - unspeakable pain  
Emptied from all human motion  
Confront the faceless wrath

Beckoning silent from a sphere behind space  
Through twisted ruins of uncompleted dreams  
Sights of towers reaching for the moon  
Clawing at the skies - they gonna pull it down

Intensity - i feel the lava rushing through my veins  
Stars are reforming - to enter the fourth dimension

Beyond all galaxies  
Through timeless eons of frost  
Unearthly hunger - angels descent

We are entering dimensions behind space...  
Beyond all galaxies  
Through timeless eons of frost

## MOONSHIELD - LIVE

Taken from Live At Sticky Fingers/Used & Abused  
In Live We Trust

## ARTIFACTS OF THE BLACK RAIN - LIVE

Taken from Live At Sticky Fingers/Used & Abused  
In Live We Trust

## MOONSHIELD - C64 KARAOKE VERSION

produced & mixed by In Flames

recorded and mixed at STUDIO FREDMAN November 1995

produced by Fredrik Nordström & IN FLAMES

engineered by Fredrik Nordström & Patrik Hellgren

Keyboards by Fredrik Nordström

Vocal appearance on "Dead Eternity" by Oscar Dronjak

Keyboards on "Wayfaerer" by Kaspar Dahlqvist

Leadguitar on "December Flower" by Fredrik Johansson

Logo by Glenn Ljungström

Artwork by Andreas Marschall

Bandphoto by Kenneth Johansson using

HASSELBLAD equipment

Music and lyrics by In Flames

Quotation in "Lord Hyphos" taken from William Wordsworth

"Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections

of Early Childhood."

Mastered by Staffan Olofsson

Additional mastering by Dragan at Bohus Mastering

Original layout by M&A Music Art

[www.inflames.com](http://www.inflames.com)

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"HELLSWEGER" Gelotte, Markus Staiger & NUCLEAR BLAST

STAFF.

CHEERS:

CHRISTAL AGE, DARK TRANQUILLITY, CEREMONIAL OATH,  
LUCIFERION, CEMETARY, DERANGED, NAGLFAR, CADINAL  
SIN, DEVO & OVERFLASH, EXCRETION, Norri & DEPRESSIVE  
AGE, FERÖX, TYRANT, CRYPTOPSY, AT THE GATES (My Judas  
window stays shut for Roger Moore), MISCREANT,  
NECROMANCER (Bul) (Keep up the good work),  
CHAMELEON, SACRAMENTUM, CORPSIFIED, ORTH,  
HARMONY DIES, DENIAL, DISSECTION, KATATONIA, TIAMAT,  
OXIPLEGATZ, EDGE OF SANITY, SNAKESKIN COWBOYS,  
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